

THE LAND OF KIM

By

TAMBU MUTU

KIMIM. 1939

the breath.

ctionate:

THE LAND OF KIM

(Chorus of four in front curtain. Patter with miming)
are brewing their eye-drops, to make plenty money;

All: When we come kimming to Kim we are happy,

1st: Iqbal bhai is slimming and ~~Elias~~ bhai is yappy
Zeenuth Futehally is writing a novel,
and Kak, the Mechanic is for once on the level.

All: When we come kimming to Kim we are happy.

2nd: At Kim, O at Kihim the white rollers are lacy
Jameela bhan sings, trees chatter like Spencer Tracy
The collector from Karwar is building sand castles
And Ameena, his frau, has again/ lost her darling voice.

All: When we come kimming to Kim we are happy

2nd: Razia and Rummi are quite out of hand
And the buxom Glaxo baby is covered with sand;
Amirudeen from Holland has forgotten his mangoes
While Rabbi is covered with Bharat Natyam and tangoes;

All: At Kim, O at Kihim all the children are happy.

4th: There's Iqbal Lokmani who's peppering up his verses

1st: While poppa Lokmani is holding his wild horses;

2nd: Ambassadors Fyzee is rid of arthritis

3rd: Writer Futehally

4th: There are two

1st: Has got author-itis

2nd: There's Zeenuth, the author, and Buku, the critic
What Zeenuth disposes, Laeeeg analyses;
The Futehally authors are the family's pride
It's all in the family, and O we are glad;

All: At Kihim even Alma Latifi and the Kim Cops are happy.

3rd voice Some go nuts on girls and others on trains
But Saleem Ali and Osho bhai have birds on their brains

1st voice When Saleem mamu twitters Osho bhai titters
They bill and coo and cackle on Kokilas and wrens

All: They are OR-NI-THO-LO-GISTS you see
It's all jolly well in the family

1st voice When we come kimming to Kim we are happy
Hassan Mamu gets bigger besides minute mumani

2nd voice ~~While~~
And good hearted Nazar has chucked up for the time being

~~His~~ His drills and his lathes, his conveyor belts and engines

Osho bhai is slimming and ~~Elas~~ bhai is yappy
Zeenuth Futehally is writing a novel,
and Kak, the Mechanic is for once on the level.

All: When we come kimming to Kim we are happy.

2nd: At Kim, O at Kihim the white rollers are lacy
Jameela bhan sings, trees chatter like Spencer Tracy
The collector from Karwar is building sand castles
And Ameena, his frau, has again/ lost her darling voice.

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4th: There's Iqbal Lokmani who's pepping up his verses

1st: While poppa Lokmani is holding his wild horses;

2nd: Ambassadors Fyzee is rid of arthritis

3rd: Writer Futehally

4th: There are two

1st: Has got author-itis

2nd: There's Zeenuth, the author, and Buku, the critic takes the breath.
What Zeenuth disposes, Laeeeg analyses;
The Futehally authors are the family's pride
It's all in the family, and O we are glad; but most affectionate:

All: At Kihim even Alma Latifi and the Kim Cops are happy.

3rd voice Some go nuts on girls and others on trains
But Saleem Ali and Osho bhai have birds on their brains

1st voice When Saleem mamu twitters Osho bhai titters
They bill and coo and cackle on Kokilas and wrens

All: They are OR-NI-THO-LO-GISTS you see
It's all jolly well in the family

1st voice When we come kimming to Kim we are happy
Hassan Mamu gets bigger besides minute mumani

2nd voice While
And good hearted Nazar has chucked up for the time being

3rd voice His drills and his lathes, his conveyor belts and engines

All: When we come kimming to Kim we are happy.

3rd voice Sameena Futehally in literature does nothing
But she is, we hear a grand one for housewifery
She is the expert on simply being happy!

1st Voice: Then there's their bambino, the noisy Guritus
Like a child full of orange juice she is noisy to her maritus
2nd voice: She goes Kihiming from Nishat to Yali
And every house of a morning has heard her smart pabley
3rd Voice: "I will only sit down if you will give me some zadarlu,
Some nariel, some jaan, a mango or caadju;

All We are indeed ~~and~~ an extraordinary family.

4th voice: Then there's Rahat bahan, upholder of the Tyabji tradition
And Abu bhai, pillar of Futehally humour;

1st Voice: Muklis bhai salesman of B.E.S.T. refrigeration
Mechanics Kak and Farhan, ears cocked for every rumour;

2nd Voice: Sakina khala the jailbird, and Rehaina bhahan the songbird
Daniel bhai, the red bird and Asif bhai, the wise bird.

3rd Voice: Bhaddar bhai the diplomatic bird, and Azeem bhai the politic
-We have variegated plumes you will all agree

All And its all jolly well within the family.

4th Voice: Zahrah of Dilkusha has got toothache we hear
when she's not got toothache we all hold her dear.

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ump;
are out.

Cinema

rition

- 1st voice: Saif bhai we hear has a mathematical bump
While Shamoon is good at breeding Rhode Islands with a hump;
- All: It's all jolly well in the family!
- 2nd voice: Sageer bhai with "Vitex" can tickle the bald pate
And hair begins to wriggle, like sphagetti on a plate.
- 3rd voice: Salman Mamu looks the prettiest in a bathing costume
We give him first price in our Bathing Competition.
- 4th voice: The second prize we give to Zeenuth Futhehally
For never having ventured near the dreadful briny.
- 1st voice: And the third prize to Buku Futehally
For her excellent article in the "Illustrated Weekly"
- 2nd voice: While the fourth prize we grant to an absent member
To the King Sahib for a strenuous hula hula
- 3rd voice: And the fifth prize to Waseem, the Loudspeaker
For his adventures in thorny jungle, and the Bombay Cinema
- 4th voice: The Sixth prize we grant to Sultana Bhahan for nutrition
Her cooking can sustain a man's sternest ambition
- 3rd Voice. The sixth prize and a half we give to Safoo and Jabir Ali.
For a pre-fabricated, germ proof, dust proof, cellophane wrapped
pre-vitimized and air conditioned pyrex.
- 1st voice: While the Seventh prize goes to the writer of the couplet
"I do not do my lessons here
But render black my skin so far".
- 2nd voice: And the eight we give jointly to Jumeela and Romanae
For behaving exactly like model children.
- 3rd voice: And the ninth goes to learned Professor Rafiq
For his researches into the habits of sportsman Saddique.
- 4th voice: The Professor says an inclined plane constructed
Of cocoanut stems and propelled on the sands
By a motor-bike, had it a human being on it
Will surely end in broken limbs.
- 1st voice: Therefore the last and booby prize on our list's howdah,
We grant to rash Saddiq for a broken wrist
- 2nd voice: Oh no, no, we have one more prize, noble progenitor
For Chinky and Shahnaz for sparkling eyes.

3rd Voice: One for Sumi for a caricature of her daddy silver glittering
And one for Tipoo for being considerate to mummy. Family hold

4th Voice: One for Chuman, Naseem and Imran for being kind to daddy
And one for Sakina Khala for being many times a granny

All: Ensuring the steady growth of this family With arm

1st Voice: For this it is Baddrudin we must chiefly thank

2nd Voice: Though the others have contributed their little bit

All: At Kim, O at Kihim we are all happy,

And now let us introduce you to the FAMILY!

(CURTAIN GOES UP ON SECOND SCENE)

Only foolish geneticists call us somewhat peculiar.

O thou stern father, rock of faith, bed of iron

Thy solid frame holds two hundred of us,...

Including the hundred and twenty two who have been to England
Or for England are about to catch the bus.

We are told you spawned from your enormous belly

SCENE II

CURTAIN rises. An enormous bulbous, black and silver glittering figure with FAMILY written across its paunch and a masked bulbous face is seated menacingly on throne in centre. Family holds a sceptre. There is no music and a dancing figure doing homage is silhouetted from behind by dim lighting.

Devotee enters in evening jacket and ^{with} silver topped cane. With arm out-flung he recites:

O thou great begetter of the large paunch
In your belly we have suffered aches and pains;
Felt the family's prick, and parting's wrench
and yet you bring us together, again and again.

In May, in the mango season, thou art truly dreadful
Thy passion fills our breasts and to Kihim we come harking
Then we accentuate our faults and failings (which is a bagful)
When we are together only uniqueness is wanting.

We are all chips off your massive block
Like peas in a pod we are all exactly similar
Like similar keys we all fit the same lock
Only foolish geneticists call us somewhat peculiar.

O thou stern father, rock of faith, bed of iron
Thy solid frame holds two hundred of us,
Including the hundred and twenty two who have been to England
Or for England are about to catch the bus.

We are told you spawned from your enormous belly
The first Indian to wear a cotton dothi;
You must admit running about like Adam and Eve was silly
Especially since there were no Mesdames Chanel or Coty

You invented the first man to climb a cocoanut tree
Or climb his way up to a place in the exclusive institution
Of the London School for Fan-dancers. We adore thee
Who shed the first Bandra man to study Flamenco elocution

You invented the first Indian to own a house beside an Englishman's
Or drive a four-in-hand beside Justices Brown and Smith
And now you have spawned forth the first Coco-Cola salesman
And the first Indian to import boot-laces from Budapesth.

You invented the first Indian lady to leave off purdah
And the very last Indian lady to start using lip-stick;
The first Indian lady to ride in an elephant's howdah,
And the last Indian lady to nip into a bathing costume.

O thought great sea of endeavour, noble progenitor
Whose forms are many, thou a thousand-armed;
From whose eyes darted forth the mischief Shannaz and Tipoo
Kak and Farhan, motor-mechanics, and Hassan mamoo the strong-armed.

O thou lute of silver, vase of jade, path of roses, bath of light

Or climb his way up to a place in the exclusive institution
Of the London School for Fan-dancers. We adore thee
Who shed the first Bandra man to study Flamenco elocution

You invented the first Indian to own a house beside an English-
man's

Or drive a four-in-hand beside Justices Brown and Smith
And now you have spawned forth the first Coco-Cola salesman
And the first Indian to import boot-laces from Budapesth.

You invented the first Indian lady to leave off purdah
And the very last Indian lady to start using lip-stick;

Family: The first Indian lady to ride in an elephant's howdah,

Mohsin: And the last Indian lady to nip into a bathing costume.

O thou great sea of endeavour, noble progenitor

Whose forms are many, thou a thousand-armed;

From whose eyes darted forth the mischief Shannaz and Tipoo

Kak and Farhan, motor-mechanics, and Hassan mamoo the strong-
Family: Small brats should listen and not speak. Since when have you
armed.

O thou lute of silver, vase of jade, path of roses, bath of light

Net of moonbeams, chains of garlands, Cup of nectar, Seat of
trouble,

O puissant divinity of divinities we salute you

Family: Before thee we are like the ocean's bubble.

- Family: Spare us we pray from your lashing fury
Like the lesser fry, we are but human
We present to you today our annual report
Approve of it we pray, and sign on the dotted line...
(He hands over ponderous tome with ribbons and seals hanging from it)
Please Mr. Family, O great Mr. Family
Spare us this year from your usual thunder and fury!
- Family: (FAMILY looks through the tome and his voice booms from behind his terrible mask)
- Family: What is this! That dreadful boy again Dash him (He calls) Mohsin!
(There is no reply)
- Family: What can have happened to the boy. I hear through over-eating he has been losing a hair or two lately though ofcourse he never loses any sleep: I will have to have him on the mat again. Mohsin! Mohsin!
- Mohsin: (A boy in shorts with a bald head and enormous behind, wearing specs rushes in panting)
- Mohsin: Yes, Sir, Yes, Sir, Good-evening sir, I swear I did not hide behind the socks near Yali and look at the girls through my telescope and when Mahmoun bhai came along with his spectacles run away to the house and use the telescope there. I swear....
- Family: (in a thonderous voice) Mohsin!
- Mohsin: I swear sir I did not go to Sufookhala's and tell her Bhava Jan wanted some mangoes and then eat them all by the well at Hunnu khala's. I swear.... I swear.....
- Family: (in a thonderous voice) Mohsin!
- Mohsin: I swear I did not ask Zaffar to lend me six annas to buy mangoes with out of his pocket money and that when he asked me to return it today to buy some sweets with // tell him I had not ~~have~~ the money. And I didn't have twelve annas in my pocket all the time that I was going to buy lychees with as soon as I could nip up to the market when amma-jan, I mean mother-~~ee~~ sir, wasn't looking. I tell you sir I didn't spend two annas of it afterwards on sweets and two annas on pineapple slices and one on an ice-cream cone. And I did not give any money to the servant to get me chinese ~~noodles~~ noodles.....
- Family: Mohsin, your record this year is terrible.....
- Mohsin: I swear sir I didn't give advice to people over the telephone and then send them a bill. I swear sir I didn't introduce Guri to Tambi. And on my honour sir I have been leaving the girls alone this year.....
- Family: Small brats should listen and not speak. Since when have you become one of the talkers and given up being a listener?

khala's. I swear.... I swear.....

Family: (in a thunderous voice) Mohsin!

Mohsin: I swear I did not ask Zaffar to lend me six annas to buy mangoes

Family: with out of his pocket money and that when he asked me to return

Mohsin: it today to buy some sweets with ~~X~~ tell him I had not ~~have~~ the money. And I didn't have twelve annas in my pocket all the time

Family: that I was going to buy lychees with as soon as I could nip up to the market when amma-jan, ~~I mean mother-ee~~ sir, wasn't looking.

Mohsin: I tell you sir I didn't spend two annas of it afterwards on sweets and two annas on pineapple slices and one on an ice-cream cone.

Family: And I did not give any money to the servant to get me chinese ~~noodle~~ noodles.....

Mohsin: Yes sir.

Family: Mohsin, your record this year is terrible.....

Family: And what is this I see? (With increasing vehemence) Oh. Oh. You

Mohsin: I swear sir I didn't give advice to people over the telephone and then send them a bill. I swear sir I didn't introduce Guri to Tambi. And on my honour sir I have been leaving the girls alone this year.....

Family: Small brats should listen and not speak. Since when have you become one of the talkers and given up being a listener?

Mohsin: I've been seeing a lot of Guri and Rahat sir.....

Family: Don't do it again. And keep off the girls!

Family: (sternly) What?

Mohsin: Yes sir.

Family: What is this? Huh. A Najjmite-
Boar B!

(Safia walks in sings

Mohsin: And there was that gentleman from Ceylon sir.....Mr.Dandapaala....

Family: (adruptly) Oh I see. Forget it. Now what business have you to lose your hair?

Mohsin: It's like this sir. That great discovery Vitex was made too late for me. And I think I take after grandfather Badruddine and brother Baddar..

Family: Baddar? Baddar? You mean Badruddin Faiz Hassan Badruddin Tyabji surely my boy. He is the great pride of our old age. All our ~~effort~~ efforts have produced that perfect flower, that jewel of a boy. Why I hear he had tea with Pandit Nehru and may be our future ambassador in Wanderland. ^{I mean Lichtenstein} Call that boy here. Another boy I am proud of ^{Chorus} Azeem Tyabji. ^{Chorus} Azeem, Tyab.

Mohsin: What about Asaf Fyzee?

Family: Too mixed up with American girls. Call Badruddin.

Mohsin: Baddar! Baddar!

Baddar: (offstage) (Baddar does a smart parody of an Oxford accent) Am busy now. Will be down in twelve ticks.

Family: Twelve ticks? He must have them in his hair. What dreadful English they teach them nowadays.

Mohsin: He meant two ticks sir.

Family: Very well. Now how have you¹ spent your time today?

Mohsin: I have been learning a song sir.

Family: (thunders) A song!

Mohsin: Yes, sir.

Family: (adruptly) Let me hear it.

Mohsin: (sings) "Maqueeta, Maqueeta, I love you....."

Family: Shut up. Dont be like Jumeela. (Looks through the tome) What is this? You play Forfeits?

Mohsin: Yes, sir

Family: You win a lot of forfeits from girls and don't award them the penalties for two or three days.

Mohsin: Yes sir.

Family: And what is this I see?(With increasing vehemence) Oh. Oh. You dreadful boy! I see at the end of a few days when you have collected enough forfeits you get one to massage your hair with oil one to massage your hands and arms, and another to massage your feet; and all at the same time. The hoarding instinct is not praiseworthy as far as girls are concerned! Didn't you know this family encourages monogamy nowadays?

(SONG B)

ANOTHER LITTLE TYEBI

(Baddar walks in elegantly. He does a parody of an Oxford accent)

I'm the cutest, bouncing Tyebi, you know
But I do not think Baddrites and Alis low,
When their Bosoms are a-flutter

All the syncopated stutter
Of Mohsin Tyebji, I ask for more;

I don't care if like a Bentley I am fast,
Or whether my complexion, it will last

I don't hope for adoration
For my tints like a carnation's

I don't advertise our somewhat murky past.
Cumroodeen, Badruddin, Tyab, Tyab, Futehally,

Ali Fyzee, Clan Hydaii, Mahamaddi, Tyab.

Please to notice how a Najmuddin behaves
With my lips all painted murderously red,
I am only nicely different
From a Shujja Fyzee agent

My craves are all in place and Tyabji bred;
In a new Beneres sari I can thrill

Manupulate the Baddriate ~~xxx~~ hearts as I will, to be done in.
In my nice new Indian ear-rings

Make the Alis lose their bearings,
Lead the Futehally's up Kankeshwar Hill.

So to honour me is wise and they say apt
Thou 'tis certain, my talent's not yet mapped.

Not like Zeenuth Futehally's
Or Charge d'Affaire Tyabj's

And like Mr. Family's it's not yet cracked
Mr. Amiruddeen they say was quite a fop.

While Shujjaudin of talents had a crop. lowlies
Thou I'am but a tiny morsel

They did not know this parcel
Made of all those belly things I know they missed.

CHORUS

I'm delicious as a catalyst of verse
When I arch my brows, she scintillates and flows
Though I like my bread and butter

I prefer my Tambimutter ~~drenched~~ ^{drenched}
Take me to a Broadway flutter drowned in furs

I'am as noisy as Ameena Bahan's brat
Tell me folks how can a Nishat girl help that?

I'm curvaceous, svelte and slinky
Though extrav'gant, Oh so ritzy
And when I talk I lay down Rahat flat.

Jabir-Ali, Jabir-Ali, Jabir-O

And now our family has a noble pedigree
With the walled bands playing Jabir-Ali, Jabir-O

And now its plain to see, we're a leading family
And its leading light is Abdul-Ali, Abdul-O

Great great-grandfather was a wonder, with the wit in Ali's bump
Makes the Nation shiver Abdul-Ali, Abdul-O

(Baddar walks in elegantly. He does a parody of an Oxford accent)

Baddar: Good-evening Family (Casually) Hulloo, Mohsin.

Mohsin: Bhaddarbai, Bhaddarbai, Family is in a dreadful temper this year.

Baddar: Never mind. He is going to have a rude shock today (with his finger to his lips) Shh: Inside information.

Family: (Running his forefinger down the page) Afzal, Alia, Alma, Amir Arselan, Atia Begum, Azeem ah, Badruddin. Let me see you were in Bruxelles last year.

Badruddin: A jolly fine place too. The cathedrals there equal Chartres and Notre Dame, though more baroque. At Knocke-Le Zoute I came across the painter Van Dongen.

Family: What is this. At Ghent you met the famous Van Meegheren who sold you two fake Vemeers. Shame, shame, for a Tyabji to be done in. What would have happened if your great-grandfather mistook a Kashmir carpet for Persian?

Baddar: He wouldn't have, sir. He was an expert. (sings song A)

SONG (A)

Great-grand-pa was a salesman sold potatoes to Britain
The Taj to Shah Jehan and a good post for Fyzee's
And now that he is gone boys, we have the milder joys
Of playing second fiddle to a Fyzee's O

Fyzee-Ali, Fyzee-Ali, Fyzee, O
And now our family, has a noble pedigree
With the massed bands playing Fyzee-Ali, Fyzee-O

Great-grand-pa was a Tartar, smart at games and barter
He gave the very first Baata, to our Jabir-O
And now he is so smart that he has acquired the art
To get the children singing, Jabir-Ali, Jabir-O

Jabir-Ali, Jabir-Ali, Jabir-O
And now our family has a noble pedigree
With the massed bands playing Jabir-Ali, Jabir-O

And now its plain to see, we're a leading family
And its leading light is Abdul-Ali, Abdul-O
Great grand-pa was a dunce, and the wit in Ali's bump
Makes the Nation whisper Abdul-Ali, Abdul-O

you two like Vemeers. Shame, shame, for a Tyabji to be done in.
What would have happened if your great-grandfather mistook a Kashmiri
carpet for Persian?

Baddar: He wouldn't have, sir. He was an expert. (sings song A)

SONG (A)

Great-grand-pa was a salesman sold potatoes to Britain
The Taj to Shah Jehan and a good post for Fyzee's
And now that he is gone boys, we have the milder joys
Of playing second fiddle to a Fyzee's O

Fyzee-Ali, Fyzee-Ali, Fyzee, O
And now our family, has a noble pedigree
With the massed bands playing Fyzee-Ali, Fyzee-O

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He gave the very first Baata, to our Jabir-O
And now he is so smart that he has acquired the art
To get the children singing, Jabir-Ali, Jabir-O

Jabir-Ali, Jabir-Ali, Jabir-O
And now our family has a noble pedigree
With the massed bands playing Jabir-Ali, Jabir-O
And now its plain to see, we're a leading family

And its leading light is Abdul-Ali, Abdul-O
Great grand-pa was a dunce, ^{but} the wit in Ali's bump
Makes the Nation whisper Abdul-Ali, Abdul-O

(now all of you join with me and sing)

Abdul-Ali, Abdul-Ali, Abdul-O
And now our family, has a noble pedigree
With the massed bands playing Abdul-Ali, Abdul-O

No sir, great-grandfather would not have made mistakes about
carpets. He was an expert.

Family: Very well. You have not been doing too badly I see. At Bruxelles you graced the salon of Countess de la Tour du Pin on five occasions and you attended the soiree at Lady Ermintrude Higginbottam's twice. (running his finger down page). You nearly got invited to the Hunt Ball by Baroness Petit Pois, it was a pity you did not clean your ears at the time, and in fact you once went to the Opera with her; it is of course not the same thing as point to point. You have had tea with Pandit Nehru twice!

Baddar: Yes. because, because, because I happened to be there

Family: That is good. But is is not the same ^{thing} as dinner!

Baddar: Have it your own way. Diplomatic etiquette will not permit me to discuss it.

Family: Diplomatic dignity my foot. Fyzee had dinner with Emir Abdul Feisal. Did you know that now? It is a pity ~~now~~ he now goes haring after embryonic Tallulah Bankheads and Danny Kayes. All in all last year has been more terrible than usual.

(Salim Ali enters)

Here is that terrible Salim Ali

~~Sir Family, Knight of the Yorker, Knight Commander of the Yali batch, you must excuse my presence, but there was no willing to play this part. With your permission, thou monster~~

Salim: (sings)

There are lots of blokes who'd compare my faice to a Kangaroo - roo - roo
And you'll be surprised by, the other things it resembles me too, too, too
But most of all they think I'm like a kangaroo, roo, roo
But I think I resembles most a nice dodo, do, do

At Kihim it is nice I've been 'appy once or twice
When I caught a quail, by its duddy tail
It turned and called me "You dirty whale"
Can't have peace, any more I do declare
Just because, because, because of that nasty-tempered quail
I love my crows, flamingoes, snipe and my kinkajou-jou- jou
The yelling wrens the firsky hens and the beauootifull -emu

Salim:

I hops like a bird, stands on one leg and have bird-song
'Specially when I can talk with an edjercatted cuckoo-
-koo; - koo

(Salim Ali enters)

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Kangaroo - roo - roo
And you'll be surprised by the other things it resembles
me too, too, too
But most of all they think I'm like a kangaroo, roo, roo
But I think I resembles most a nice dodo, do, do

At Kihim it is nice I've been 'appy once or twice
When I caught a quail, by its uddy tail
It turned and called me "You dirty whale"
Can't have peace, any more I do declare
Just because, because, because of that nasty-tempered quail
I love my crows, flamingoes, snipe and my kinkajou-jou- jou
The yelling wrens the firsky hens and the beauootifull -emu
-mu -mu

I hops like a bird, stands on one leg and have bird-song
in me flue
'Specially when I can talk with an edjercaited cuckoo-
-koo; - koo

At Kihim it is nice and I've felt frisky once or twice
When I pecked at a hen it shirked "Your scram"
And I hopped it quick with a "Certainly M'am"
And then she chicked "Don't come again Bird-Man"
Just because, because, because I was nice to a bloomin' hen

Family: Oh, Shut up.

Salim: There were sportsmen once on the Kihim beach with the guns
they'd got, got got
The damsels there and the frisky hare, they went pot, pot, pot, po
But an awkward chap took a careless aim at a certain spot, spot,
He missed his aim at the spot where he fired that shot, shot,
shot, shot, shot.
I 'appened to be there, I 'appened to be there
He perforated my new pants and made me do a dance and song
Can't sit down upon my (talks) you know where
Just because, because, because I happened to be there

Now I don't like daimies but O my birds, I loves them more and more
I'av them in song, and in me hair, and round my door, door, door
I'avé them crammed on the shelves and chairs and on me floor, floor
floor,
I haves them in books, and I haves them on toast, stuffed with nuts
in bird, lore, lore, lore, lore

At Kihim it was nice, I 've been 'appy once or twice

When I caught a quail by her by her flaunting tail

She turned and said "You howried male"

So now I talks, with the moosyick and the gull

Just because I loves to talk with the ediscatted owls

(J.Lokmani enters)

Family: Shut up. Shut up. Silence!

J.L.(Sings): Oh Family, stern father and strict mother (Tune of Danny Boy)
Your emerald eyes have turned our hearts to wax;
Your ambling ways in Kimi, sternness in Bombay
Have made us all a bit weak in the knees.
You terror of the night time and the day time
Victorian gent with fungus for your blood
Release us all from Tyranny and Sorrow
Oh Family, O Family, please let us go.

For many years you've made my heart a whirlpool
And monkeyed around with the poor heart of a gal;
You fill my breast with phantoms and with shadows
What you call pink seems pretty cream to me;
What you call green's most definitely yellow
What you call goat's most certainly a mare
O Father dear, though you have fixed the law
Your snarling cub looks pretty tame to me.

Salim: Oh Jumeela, how truly thou hast spoken
Your silvery voice adds pepper to my sauce;
Your charming voice is apple-sauce for my goose;

Let's cook the bird and wrap it with your voice;
Together then the sauce and bird will take flight;

At Kihim it was nice, I 've been 'appy once or twice

When I caught a quail by her by her flaunting tail

She turned and said "You hornied male"

So now I talks, with the mossyick and the gull

Just because I loves to talk with the edjucatted owls

(J.Lokmani enters)

Family: Shut up. Shut up. Silence!

J.L.(Sings): Oh Family, stern father and strict mother (Tune of Danny Boy)

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Salim:

Oh Jumeela, how truly thou hast spoken

Your silvery voice adds pepper to my sauce;

Your charming voice is apple-sauce for my goose;

Let's cook the bird and wrap it with your voice;

Together then the sauce and bird will take flight;

Affright this gent out of his mossy pants;

Then lark and rook will nest within his bones

And sea wind whistle through his kinder eyes.

Family:

And now a most disappointing year. What on earth has happened to Tyabji's.

Is our dear Zeenuth here? She was always dashed well coy. We give Zeenuth 68 marks for her audacious and enchanting piece of Hyderabad tapestry, Zohra

For Amir Abdul Ali, 67 marks for a closely cropped and shaved version of the Life of Lord Buddha, suitable for children under 13.

For Zaffar and Laeccq Futehally 66 marks for opening the democratic front in an obscure pamphlet published by the Social Democratic Service

To Husain Tyabji for a biography and account (pause) of myself.
One hundred and one marks.

To Saleem Ali, 65 marks for an accurate dileniation and description of the habits and habitat of the Pali Hill Night Birds.

To Humayun Abdulali: 64 marks for researches into the tanning properties of mudlarks and Kihim Songsters.

Baddar Tyabji: 50 marks for taking Yehudi Menuhin out to tea.

Ambassador Fyzee 45 marks for doing the Indian Rope Vanishing Trick at Kihim

All the others have merely passed which is not good enough (Gravely)
One boy has failed - Mohsin. He has got three marks.

That is all for this year. I shall be seeing you all again next year. Goodbye children. But may I remind you finally that pride of achievement without cause is irritating. Any tradition to have validity must be constantly renewed and receive our keen attention and nurturing. Goodbye for now.

MASSED CHORUS:

Oh our family, Glorious family,
When the tempest lowers,
You do hold us close
Oh our family, glorious family
Thorny like the rose
Mixed up in a pose
Mixed up in a pose
We've got freezing toes
Only Bombay knows
How our genius flowers
Oh our family, Glorious family,
Always bragging how
We're superior
Oh our family, glorious family,
While the tempests blow
Smug just like a cow
Smug just like a cow
So superior
But Hell can land a kick
On our posterior
Oh our family, glorious family
Thorny like the rose
And mixed up in a pose

CURTAIN

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